Volume LXII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 5 1908 Number 10

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

I went into the Church to find my Lord.
They said He is here, He lives here.
But I could not see Him,
For the creed-tablets and bonnet-flowers.

I went into the Church to look for a poor man.

For the Lord has said that the Poor are His children, and I thought His children would live in His house.

But in the pews sat only Kings and Lords: at least all that sat there were dressed like Kings and Lords; and I could not find the man I looked for, who was in rags;—presently I saw the sexton refuse admission to a man; lo, it was my poor man, he had on rags, and the sexton said, "No ragged allowed."

—*From the newly published poems by Sidney Lanier.*

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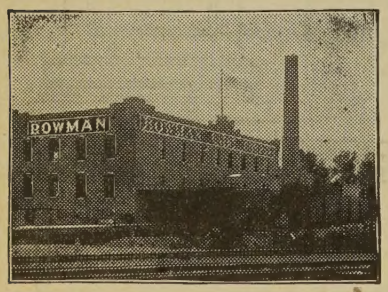

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY NOVEMBER 5, 1908 NUMBER 10

FREEDOM.

Why does the meadow flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom bold;
And so the grandeur of the forest tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Now that it is to be President W. H. Taft, let us pray that he will forget the inspirations of the war department. Let him order home the fleet which has already been demoralizing Brazil, Australia, and possibly other governments, with an itching for a navy. Let him reduce the army unless he can put it at the service of the forestry and reclamation department. Let him minimize the power of brass buttons and gold lace and maximize the power of the hoe and the slate pencil, and all will be well.

The *Literary Digest* quotes Dr. McArthur of the Calvary Baptist Church of New York, as saying: "If we have any proper conception of the meaning of politics, we shall readily see that its discussion is eminently appropriate in all the pulpits of the land. That is a dwarfed, unmanly, unchristian gospel which refuses to put on its armor and fight for truth and God. There is no interest of the human race in which the pulpit can afford to be silent. The church must stand for civic, commercial, political and personal righteousness. She must lift up her voice against evil wherever it is found and in whatever form it appears."

It is with a great sigh of relief that we read the announcement of the *Boston Herald* that it has abandoned its comic supplements to its Sunday issue. May the other daily papers go and do likewise and that right speedily. The comic supplement has been a demoralizing influence upon all parties concerned; it has lowered the standards of art, coarsened humor and added to the flippancy of Sunday. In this hopeful announcement there is one depressing note. We are pained to read that "the quantity of matter provided is not diminished," although the quality is to be improved. How long must a suffering public endure the blanket sheet on Sunday morning, no matter how filled? If even in Boston the justification of the price of the paper is a matter of bulk, how can we hope for better things in the "wilder and woollier" West? The daily paper that will clearly grasp the principle that the long-suffering public does not want to buy its newspapers by the pound or measure the value of the editorials by the yard has a bright career before it and a noble fortune awaiting it. If a part of the money now expended for paper and composition should be expended in more brains, better taste and prophetic insight, the public would be prompt in rewarding the same with unexpected support.

In the November Calendar of a neighboring Catholic church we read, "All Souls Day (November 2nd) is not a holy day of obligation but a day of great devotion towards the dead." The first day of November is All Saints Day in the calendar of the Mother Church. Both days stir the devout beyond the outermost limits of the Church of Rome. The Calendar before us names a saint to be studied as a model of devotion for each day in November. The roll of saints in the Catholic church is a long one, the list inspiring, but the deep instincts of the human heart, fearing that some might be overlooked, some potency neglected, established a day when all the saints may be invoked and their stories rehearsed. But this did not satisfy the growing demand for justice and for fellowship, and so, later, the very next day was dedicated to all souls, saints and sinners, confessors and heretics, and on this day creeds and labels, sects and races, dates and territories, are neglected and forgotten, and religion comes into full circle only when it includes all souls, living and dead. On this day even the old boundaries that divide earth, heaven and hell disappear.

The Church Bulletin of the Unitarian church at Louisville, Kentucky, *Liberal Religion,* welcomes the venerable A. G. Munn, a reader of UNITY throughout its entire history, to his accustomed seat at the church service, where he has not missed a service of the church "in sixty years except through sickness or absence from the city." At the recent diamond jubilee of the First Baptist Church in Chicago, a venerable deacon, still stalwart and active, boasted a continuous connection with the Sunday-school of that church throughout its entire period; beginning in the infant class, passing through all the stages of pupil, teacher, superintendent. He still retains his active connection with that Sunday-school. It is a pity that these records should be considered so exceptional. Are the affiliations of the church not such as call for the marriage vows that plight fealty "until death us do part?" or is it comparable with a young man's membership in a gymnasium or a golf club—a quest to be pursued for a time, to be laid aside at convenience? It would be interesting to institute an investigation as to the average length of active church service and support on behalf of the modern man in our cities. Not the nominal membership or

even the money support, for these once established will continue without much effort or volition. We mean the active co-operation, the systematic attendance, the organic life between the individual and the institution that seeks to embody his convictions and to apply his principles.

The Country Life Commission with Professor Bailey, of Cornell, at its head, seems likely to justify the governmental appointment of the same. An Indiana farm-hand has been giving the commission, through President Roosevelt, something to think about. He traces the restlessness of so many sons and daughters on the farm to a fundamental lack of order and system and the unreasonably long hours of employment. He asks what can be expected of the farmers' wives or their posterity in the way of intellectual development when they must get out of bed at three-thirty in the morning and work until eight or nine p. m. with little attention to the sanitary conditions or the necessary conveniences for doing farm work. He says the majority of farmers are eight-hour men; eight hours in the forenoon, eight in the afternoon. We sympathize with the farm hand. We believe that better business methods could shorten the hours of labor without decreasin the amount of labor accomplished, and a more rigid respect to the account book and its decisions might save the farmer from the one unbearable burden, the constant enemy of happiness on the farm,—unpaid bills, uncancelled notes and interest-devouring mortgages. Not until the farmer's dread of debt amounts to a religious fervor can he escape the spiritless life of which the farm is so often accused. There may be commercial interests, there are speculative interests that may warrant an interest-bearing debt, but at the present time the farm will not yield proper support to both the family and the mortgage. The wealthy may borrow if they choose, but the poor man borrows at his peril. While the debt lasts, he is in the enemy's country.

It is seldom that there is such a happy conjunction of money and brains as that which occurred in Boston when the money of Mrs. Mary Hemenway and the brains of John Fiske and Edwin D. Mead met in the establishment of the Old South Studies in History. When alive, Mrs. Hemenway gave much time and thought to the preservation of the Old South Church as an historic landmark in Boston, making it not only a museum of the later time but the headquarters of a most practical work looking towards the awakening in the young of an interest in history and a love for the literature connected therewith. In her will she left a generous sum to continue this work. The studies and lectures are illuminated by a series of leaflets largely taken from original documents, which are offered to the students free and to the world at large at the low price of five cents a copy, or four dollars a hundred. These leaflets now number one hundred ninety-five, and the list is continually growing. No. 189 contains a full reprint of Lincoln's first message to Congress, under date of July 4th, 1861, which concerns itself with the solemn problems of the war and the clear duties in connection therewith. Previous Lincoln studies in this series contain his two inaugurals and the Emancipation Proclamation, No. 11; the first Lincoln and Douglas debate, No. 85, and Lincoln's Cooper Institute address, No. 107. A complete set of these leaflets will greatly enrich any teacher's or preacher's library, and the nation will increasingly appreciate the great debt it owes to Mrs. Hemenway and Edwin D. Mead. Perhaps, after all, the finest and highest issue of democracy, as well as the saddest need of the day, is a marriage of money with brains. Money without brains is a menace to the nation and to the peace of the possessor thereof, as the dreary life of the globe-trotting millionaires and their unfortunate children so painfully testify; and brains without money are often thwarted, high emprises defeated, as the stories of the good causes that die and the great men that are so cruelly circumscribed in life and so often prematurely cut off in death, testify. When money makes common cause with brains, then there is hope for the nation, peace and joy for the possessors of both.

In the campaign which closed last Tuesday, the moral energies and ethical inspirations of the city of Chicago came to their highest expression in the great contest over the state attorneyship already alluded to in previous issues of UNITY. In this contest the ministers of religion, of all creeds and confessions, were almost unanimous in their support of the independent candidate, first named by the prohibition party and then endorsed by a non-partisan committee of one hundred. But the great dailies, which lay high claims to ethical standards and independent spirit, with the exception of the Hearst papers threw their influence against the churches and against the ministers and in the interest of the party candidates whom they opposed previous to the primary and against the legality of whose nomination—at least in the republican ranks—they stoutly protested. Perhaps the attitude of these ministers was not better stated or more manfully advocated than in the official Calendar of the Church of the Holy Angels, in which Bishop McGavick publishes this ringing appeal to his people, which now, after the excitement of the election is past, will be read with increasing respect and approval by the lovers of law and order, far beyond the confines of Chicago. Says the good Bishop:

> We are living in one of the best residence districts in Chicago, but recent events have proved to us that it is being threatened by the worst element in the city. Conditions to the north of the parish have become so bad as to be alarming. Bad houses, vicious resorts, evil saloons, wine rooms and disgraceful shows are becoming unbearable. If the respectable people have any regard for decency they should rise up against such a conditions of affairs. It is not a political question, it is a question of preserving the home and keeping the home surroundings free from immoral and contaminating influences. No man has a right to ruin any home, and every one has the right to defend it.
>
> There are laws enough to defend the home against the vicious elements that are threatening the South Side, but the laws are not enforced. Enforce the law—that is all that is asked, otherwise repeal it. If we do not enforce the law, we must not

boast of being law-abiding citizens. The office of State's Attorney is one of the most important offices in the community, because it sees that laws are enforced without fear or favor.

But they have not been enforced and moreover will not be with the Democratic or Republican candidate in that office. For that reason the people of this district have started a movement in favor of the Prohibition candidate for State's Attorney, Mr. Street. Vote for him. You may not agree with all the planks in the Prohibition platform, but you can without any sacrifice of principle vote for a particular candidate when he holds out a hope of relief from a danger which is, if not upon you, at least threatening the sacred precincts of your home, the future welfare of your children and the salutary influences of your church. Vote for Mr. Street for State's Attorney.

We were moved to do something, not only on account of the danger, but on account of numerous complaints heard and letters received from prominent people of the parish.

* * * * * * * * * *

We hope no one will think that in taking this stand we are mixing in politics. We are not politicians and have never been. We are merely fighting for morality and for the safety of the homes of the people committed to our charge. As shepherds of the people, we are trying to guard them from the wolf.

What was it All About

The forms for this issue of UNITY will be closed before the result of the election will be announced, but certain things perhaps can be more clearly seen and better stated while the problem is still in suspension. What is all this expensive tooting of horns, hiring of halls, this parading and shout about?

One who has kept his heart cool and his head balanced can see that the two leading parties were disputing with one another as to which was the better friend of the working man, which was the more competent to revise the tariff, which the greater enemy of the trusts and illicit combination of capital, which hated Rockefeller more, which would bring postal savings laws more speedily.

In order to make out a case, both parties hark back to obscure records, undignified analysis of incidental utterances or passing errors of judgment or of statement, in defiance to the plainest psychological laws of growth, expansion or judgment and the consequent changing of mind. Barring the plundered revealments of Mr. Hearst, which were shocking enough, the campaign has proven stupid, petty and uninspiring. To the credit of both parties it may be said that there was little attempt to impugn the motives or to underestimate the power of either Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan. At the close of an uninspiring campaign these gentlemen remain in public estimation as they were at the beginning—estimable men of high motives and noble parts.

The "prosperity" and the "full dinner pail" may enlist the judgment but cannot arouse the conscience. A comparatively few individuals holding strategic positions gave notice that if Bryan were elected there would be financial distress and commercail depression, but that if Taft were elected the contrary would be true, and they are in a position to make their prophecies come true.

The votes that carry the greatest significance, the results to be most closely scanned, are those that belong to the parties which had no hope of success. The socialists, prohibitionists, the labor party and the independents had the joy of a cause, the inspiration of an idea. Whatever one may think of their arguments, every sensible man must covet the inspiration and the joy they represent. If not four years hence, then eight years, or, if needs be, twenty-four years hence, the contentions of these minor parties will have been beaten into the clear; they will have staved to the front, and it may be the United States will again have something worth voting for. When that time comes the old inspirations of liberty and justice, of freedom and equality to all men before the law, will again have its rallying cry, and the United States will have "leaders" that will really lead men and women out of the sordid and selfish, the indulgent complacency and the stultifying prosperities, up to the heights of sacrifice, along the mountain road of adventure, into the realms of international peace, race comity and religious amity.

A Reverie

O ever restless, heaving sea,
Symbol of God's eternity,
Whose breath thy freshening breezes be,
Whose heart-throbs in thy tides we see—
We hear thy surfbeats on the shore,
As echo of some voice of yore,—
Some music we have heard before,—
Borne from the land of Evermore!

Thy bosom bears the shrouded fleet,
The freighted bark and lonely sheet,
By favoring winds, sometime to meet
In distant port or near retreat.
When first began to throb thy heart,
Or when will cease thy 'witching art;
Thy strange, sad, sobbing song depart,
Like chant of some deep human smart?

Is life a voyage with hopes all bright,
That sometimes comes to bitter blight,
Whose morning ends in deepest night,
Whose faith falls short of faintest sight?
Ah, no! our ships may hide in mist,
But ours shall be the sacred tryst;
If storm and wreck we stout resist,
We surely find what here we missed.

The trades of God are sure to win,
And bring each drifting life-ship in,
By winds of good and gales of sin,
No matter what our course has been.
His ample port and harbor sure
Will welcome and make all secure,
Whatever tides or lights may lure,
Since *Love* must conquer and endure.

I know that I must trim the sail,
Make ready for the gathering gale;
But *will and wind* are God's to guide,
As human life and sea and tide;
And thus I know all will be best,—
That calm or storm lead but to rest,
And that to love is to be blest,
And noble life man's highest quest.

Still on the bluffy shore I sit,
Watching the white sails gleam and flit;
I list once more the sea-surf's moan,
But find my soul's deep shadows flown;
And in my meditations dear
I know God's presence sweetly near;
Him I can trust, in him confide
Who ruleth wind and storm and tide.

What though my ship to sink may seem,
Its sails on brighter shores will gleam;
For God, who maketh port and sea,
Is one with Love, and Heaven, and me!

A. JUDSON RICH.

THE PULPIT

The Servant in the House

A SERMON DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSALIST STATE CONVENTION AT WATERLOO, IOWA, AT ITS AUTUMNAL MEETING, BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON, OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

Text: *"And whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to minister."—Matt.* 20:2, 28.

These are some of the words, uttered by a golden voice, which the Teacher of men said would remain in our hearts though heaven and earth should pass away. They are a part of that heavenly wisdom with which that gentle, forbearant, far-seeing way-shower of our race pointed out the way, the truth and the life of groping humanity. At first sight they seem to run counter to the canny shrewdness of the way of this world—"the road of the loving heart" set over against the dazzling and devious paths of ambition. But this is only seeming. Looking back over the story of man, it is seen that even here amid the dust of the earth, earthy, the teaching of history is that those men are greatest, and are remembered the longest, who the most wisely and unselfishly serve their fellowmen.

This it was, and is, in the life of Jesus—this divine spirit of helpfulness, of sympathy, and of pity, which he incarnated in a form dross-drained and perfect—that gives to that life its sovereign beauty, wonder and power. His words derive thence their ineffable grace and their long, far-sounding melodies. The sum of all his conversations and of his sermons by the lake was that love is the one sweet energy that can soften the hard heart of man, reconcile brother to brother, and bring the kingdom of peace, good will and beauty down to earth. Wherever this spirit goes there go light, and hope and healing. Then vanish the silent, subtle, respectable lies of expediency, and the laws of self-interest and self-pride no longer rule. Life is no longer shabby and mean, but exultant, and free, and fine, and men breathe deep, and a light is in their eyes. By as much as we enshrine this law of the life of Christ in our own lives, by so much do we hasten the coming of a better day and a new order of society.

This, you will surely say, is no new message, but all will agree that it is a truth of which we need frequently to be reminded. The more frequently, indeed, in a day when we are offered so many remedies for the ills, and so many solutions for the problems of life and society. The preachers are many and the prophets are few, but never was the world so full of wise and sweet-toned voices which are in many keys eloquent of the worldly wisdom of the heavenly teaching of Jesus. One such voice is that of Charles Rann Kennedy, whose play, "The Servant in the House," is the greatest English allegory since the inspired tinker of Bedford gave the "Pilgrim's Progress" to the world. The advent of this drama is at once a literary and a religious event. The marvel of it is its simplicity, its searching insight into life as we look at it, its vivid revelation at one and the same time of the true grandeur and the practical value of religion; and above all its appealing beauty which touches the hardened, the godly, the flippant, the earnest, the vulgar and the æsthetic by its spell. It is of this play and its lessons that I would speak briefly, by your leave.

No apology is needed for this taking a text from the playhouse. It seems to me that the range of the pulpit should be as wide and deep and varied as the abundant and flowing life of this great age, the facts of its science, the beauties of its literature, the gray smoke-cloud of its puffing industrialism, its temple of prayer and its house of mirth. Nothing human should be foreign to the Christian pulpit. The play in hand is "a deep and truthful word spoken to the people"—and they listen. It awes by the supernatural note of its Messianic intimation, it refreshes by its casting aside of the mechanical conception of righteousness, it delights by its fleeting but exquisite subtleties of symbol. And over it all hangs the beautifully sustained suggestion of the Master—the Servant in the House not made with hands, eternal in the human heart. To see it, or even to read it, is like a religious experience, profound, satisfying, glad.

The scene of the play is the home of a minister, and the story may be thus briefly sketched. Beneath an English church that requires restoration lie tombs diffusing noxious vapors through the temple and the attached vicarage. The vapors drive the people away, much to the joy of the village atheist. The minister is perplexed, unsettled, harried by conscience and on the verge of revolt—as many another man of the pulpit is today. He has every equipment of eloquence and scholarship, but his church is as empty of hearers as his heart is of power and hope. To cleanse the foul places comes the brother of the minister, a scavenger whom that cleric has long since disowned and whose child he has adopted—the drain-man, rough, foul-spoken, once a drunkard, now an embittered toiler nursing a vague, revolutionary socialism in his heart, but proud of his work. Simultaneously with the arrival of the drain-man at the vicarage comes the lord bishop of Benares, India, a third brother of this strangely assorted family. He is a zealot, an idealist, a Christ-man whose name is filling the world like a sweet perfume. His coming is expected, but he appears incognito and is employed as a servant in the house. For purposes of his own he elects to tarry in this capacity for a few hours.

There he beholds brother ashamed of brother, child hidden from parent, and a wife whose husband-worship blinds her to all else save his advancement to the high places of the temple. There, too, he encounters the most reverend, the lord bishop of Lancashire, the wife's brother, who dreams in dollars—a blinking, crawling, decrepit symbol of greed masked by empty form. The servant is a serene and commanding presence in a vexed and troubled household. Gentleness is in all his ways, and a certain benign dignity and sweet sagacity, all the more winning for that he is gifted with tender humor. Before his level gaze and searching words the fabric of deceit and self-seeking falls away. With a wise "sweet reasonableness" the servant in the house proceeds to put everything to rights. He brings together the minister and his wife, the minister and his brother, the drain-man, and the drain-man and his child. And he casts the greedy bishop into outer darkness.

In the meantime—and verily it is a mean time—the drain-man, touched to heroism by the servant, finds the defective vault filled with dead men's bones under the church and not under the minister's study, as was at first supposed. He knows the vault is under the church because as he groped about in the dark he heard the organ playing "The Church's One Foundation." He resolves to clear away the putrefaction. Some one has to clear away the muck of the world, and he is that one. The minister tears off his cassock and goes to help his brother, the drain-man, in his

task. It is a simple story and its symbolism is obvious, but none the less pertinently eloquent.

There is something dead under the church—that is the meaning of the parable. Not only are the drain-pipes choked with deposits of dead dogma, dead method, dead custom, but there is an open grave, which should long ago have been closed,. the stench of which drives men away from the altar. This is the complaint one hears everywhere—in the so-called liberal church no less than in the older religious orders. The writer of the play speaks from the point of view of the church outside of the church, of one who knows men, and who has seen the upper and the nether sides of life. He utters a pervasive feeling, especially on the part of the young men, even the young men in the pulpit, many of whom are restive. Like the minister in the play, they have a vague, troubled feeling that they are held back by the dead hand of the past.

Many are the solutions suggested. Some think that we need a reconstruction of theology; hence the demand for shorter, more concise, more simple creeds. It is indeed true that the old liberalism—often only agnosticism disinfected—along with the old orthodoxy, must go. For the truth is that theology, in the old sense, is a dead thing in the world at large. Men are tired of elaborations and hair-splittings which, as a fact, only divide organizations and split communities into sects. The demand is for that truth of religion which can be verified, each man for himself, in the life that now is. The great busy age asks for realities, and unless the church can adjust itself to this new and deep need of the age, it will suffer further loss of power. It is easily perceptible that this is the most truly, the most sanely, the most practically religious age known to record. It is alive with spiritual forces and eloquent with pleading voices, and all of this makes more pitiful the plight of the church in its aloofness from the life of the age and its inability to hold the finest spirits of the day.

Two marked tendencies are visible to a watcher of the currents of the age. One is the passion for reality, a disrespectful impatience with make-believe, a disregard for mere authority and tradition, a demand for facts. This tendency may be seen in the austere, almost ascetic spirit of science, in the new realism in literature and art, in the hatred of sham in every walk of life. In religion it takes the form of a demand for the essential, the usable; that which, as the pragmatists say, shows its "cash value" in results—results being the coin of the time. Akin to this, and growing out of it, is the tendency toward union; a union of the minister and the drain-man, bringing the ends of society into closer fellowship; a union to save men, money and machinery, and so appeal to the common sense of the age; a union of those who love in the service of those who suffer. It is useless to chafe and struggle against these tendencies, they are born of a new time, and they are normal and full of promise.

Indeed, never were there so many open doors for the church and its ministry as there are today. Education is democratic, inviting the men of the street and the boys from the farm to her banquet. Art now champions the cause of the poor, the lowly and the world-broken. The social imagination is so keen, so vivid, that strutting indolence is unhappy while there is starving industry. Many are the economic cults, but the spirit underlying them is the same—a hunger for brotherhood. The answer to all this cry is that Christianity which is a reality, unafraid of the last found fact of science, whose gospel is love, whose salvation is a fellowship and whose ideal is a city of God. What is needed is not a new religion, but religion anew, the old faith in a new setting, on a new basis, with newer applications and realizations. Out of the turmoil of our age this simpler and greater faith is rising—love invading the world in an age of common sense.

Something more, then, than a mere recasting of theology is needed. To begin with theology is to invert the true order of things. Life comes first; afterward theology. It is life that we need, a deepening of that life of the spirit which underlies all sects; and this will give us a higher unity of things which differ; a new vision of those heavenly truths which overarch all creeds. Here the old mystics have a message for us. They lived in God, and prayer was their native air. The minister must live a life of prayer, but he must also join hands with the drain-man, who is his long-lost brother, and the two together will have the strength of ten to cleanse away the open tomb under the church.

This, at least, is true—the pulpit must be today and tomorrow what it never yet has been. This is not to disparage the past. Glorious is the tradition of our Christian minstry! One who has ears may hear the far off thunder of Savonarola, the deep bass voice of Luther, and the fiery speech of John Knox; men mighty in the spirit, before whom princes trembled. One who has eyes may see the finely chiseled face of Robertson, made luminous by the outshining of a sensitive, sorrowful soul; the refined and scholarly Stanley, the embodiment of a century of English culture, and the lonely, pilgrim genius of Newman passing by in its chariot of eloquence. Nearer by there is the great Buddha-like form of Phillips Brooks standing beside the huge pillar in Trinity temple, pouring forth his sweet, impetuous soul, now in rapid appeal, now in rapt soliloquy; Beecher, the Shakespeare of the pulpit, facile, fertile, an evangelist, philanthropist and statesman all in one, his voice like an orchestra and his glorious body incandescent with spiritual light; and the slow, dreamy, drawling speech of Swing, the finest essayist who stood in the pulpit of the nineteenth century. From Martineau to Parker, from Spurgeon to Broadus—was ever a roll-call more inspiring? No young man need falter at the steps of the pulpit, consecrated as it is to so much genius, grace and power.

Still, the life of the race flows on, and the faith of today must have its ground in the present, and must renew itself in all the shapes that love and duty take in the time that now is. When one age passes away, it is found that it takes a great deal with it. And when a new age comes, lo! in its arms are strange new things, new men, new issues, new visions of truth, new centers of faith and action. The old truths remain like mountains in the sea, unmoved and unmovable—the ever-present God, the Divine Spirit of Jesus, the sovereign authority of the moral law, the immutable necessity of brotherly love, and the hope of a life to come. But the scenery is new, and as faith deepens doubt becomes more profound. New methods also arise, so that the voice of yesterday sounds strange o'er years of change, nor can it stir the heart of to-day. It is for the men of today, whose hearts God has touched, to serve this day and generation in faith, in insight, in high endeavor, as did the men who belong to a time that is gone and to the people who are no more.

It so happened that nearly all the religious books of the last four years passed through my hands. This has given me opportunity to feel the heart-beat of the pulpit and church of our time. Truly I can say that the

Christian pulpit was never more melodious, more in tune with the best and sweetest thoughts of the world, than it is in this year of grace. Pessimism is out of order. It does not hear the undertone of unity, of faith, of fellowship, of solemn and joyous resolve, in the hearts of the men of all faiths, and which will make the temple vocal with a new and appealing eloquence in a time not far away. The tomb is not under the pulpit; it is under the church. But even there the dead past can be deeply and decently buried, and the stench cleaned away by the sweet spirit and the heavenly diplomacy of him who was the Servant in the House.

But to return to the play. It upholds the work of the minister, with simplicity and appealing beauty, not without a certain awfulness, a mirror of sanctity, sweetness and elemental grandeur. Its depiction of the Servant's humility is prouder than the pride of others contending against him, as with a gesture blended of piteous appeal and solemn command, he soothes the rough places of troubled souls.

"My religion is very simple; I love God and all my brothers," said the Christ-man in the play.

"Now, tell me about your church," said the old bishop, who dreamed in dollars. Then follows this sublime dream—not a dream but a vision—of the living church, in a passage which has the authentic stamp at once of literary genius and of spiritual insight and prophecy:

"I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all. You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. It is a living thing. When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder!

"The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."

"Habit"

See, blind and weak he whimpers at my breast,
Teasing and petulant he whines,
And will not rest!
Now, snarling, careless-clawed, he drags at me,
In uncouth play so fierce I dare
Not set him free!
Now, gross and slather-fanged and grim of will,
He stalks me naked through the world,
Whom he must kill.

—*Arthur Stringer.*

"Having To"

In the June, 1908, *American* magazine is an article by Lincoln Steffens entitled "An Apology for Graft." Thinking about this article, I was inclined to criticise the title, to say that it is not an apology for graft, but for grafters. It is, very clearly, an apology for grafters. It puts before us very plainly some of the conditions which have induced graft, some of the temptations which have beset grafters. But the title is not a misnomer. It is an apology for graft as well as an apology for grafters. I can agree with Mr. Steffens in every word he says for the grafters. I am in entire sympathy with his sympathy with them. But toward the grafting—in plain English, the stealing—I must take a slightly different position.

Mr. Steffens was talking with a great banker who had been indicted for felony. The man said: "I am not a felon. I have committed a felony, inadvertently, and I may be convicted of bribery as charged, technically, but I am not a criminal." With arms outstretched he invited Mr. Steffens to judge. "Now, am I? I am a plain business man and all I ask is to be permitted to attend to my business. But corruption is everywhere and I couldn't do business without submitting to it. But it's blackmail. Oh, can't you see that?" Then the tears came to his eyes. "Honestly, now, can't you see that? You know the conditions: how we are held up. Can't you see that I—we 'had to'?"

"Then," Mr. Steffens says, "his thought changed and, with his appeal for self-pity still wet in his eyes, his face hardened."

"It's these politicians," he said. "They are the cause of all this." Then this great banker seized Mr. Steffens by the arm and rage blazed from his eyes. "They ought to be sent to prison for a thousand years and, if I had my way, they would be. They made us pay. They held us up and we 'had to.'"

"And they 'had to,'" Mr. Steffens murmured softly, but loud enough.

"What! What's that you said under your breath? You mean to tell me that Abe Ruef had to hold us up? And those supervisors?" His amazement was real, Mr. Steffens says. The expression on his face was one of horror. "Do you mean to say that you have any sympathy with those confessed blackmailers?"

"Yes," Mr. Steffens answered, "as much as for you. Abe Ruef couldn't have been boss without being corrupt. Those supervisors couldn't have been supervisors without being corrupt, and the men who corrupted them couldn't have been what they were without corrupting them. And these men that corrupted the government couldn't alone pay the costs of all this corruption. They had to let Ruef and his supervisors blackmail you and—everybody, to help pay expenses. You were held up, but not by Ruef. He only acted as agent. It was the state boss, Mr. Herrin, who held you both up, you and Ruef, and he isn't to blame. Herrin is merely Harriman's agent, and there's an excuse for Harriman. He also was held up. You know him; ask him and he will tell you that he couldn't run a railroad—the way he ran it—without running politics—the way he ran them. He 'had to.' We all 'have to'; we all are held up; we hold one another up. We all help to maintain a system of corruption to which we all must submit or—fight."

I take issue with Mr. Steffens. I will not admit for a moment that we must all submit to the system

of corruption or—fight. It is very seldom, in this world, that we are bound down to just two alternatives. A large part of the wrong-doing is the direct result of that, as I think, mistaken notion. Nine-tenths of the lies that are told, if not more, are told because people think that there are just two courses open—to lie or to do some more serious wrong. We sometimes talk about being compelled to make a choice between two evils. No such condition ever faces us. We think so, honestly; but, in my opinion, we are mistaken. A woman was visiting a poverty-stricken family for the purpose of discovering some way of helping. They needed clothing, children's dresses. There was a sewing machine in the house. There was no cloth and no money to buy it. This woman wished to be a real friend to these, her poverty-stricken sisters and brothers. She did not wish to pauperize them. She wished to give them the cloth needed; but not to give it in a way that should encourage dependence upon her, or discourage their effort to be independent. She saw only two courses open, to lie a little or to say what would, she thought, tend to pauperize. She lied, and we all like her better for knowing that she lied. But she would be a wiser woman, and just as likable, had she been wise enough to discover the way out of her predicament which involved neither the lie nor the other, greater wrong. There was no such way? I think there was. I think there always is. Why do I think so? Why! just because I believe in God. I believe that this universe, in every part, is governed by the laws of the all-loving, the all-wise, the all-just, the omnipotent God. Now, I have never known a man or a woman who thinks that a lie is a good thing, in itself. My acquaintance, of course, is very limited; but I have never known or known of a man or a woman who is not ready to admit that a lie is not a good thing in itself, is to be avoided as a rule, is to be used only when necessary to the accomplishment of a good result—as in the case of the woman just referred to. It is a recognized principle of ethics that a lie is *not* a good thing in itself; that it is to be avoided—when practicable, if not always. It is a recognized principle of all religions, so far as my acquaintance goes, that to speak the truth *is* desirable; and that departure from the truth, lying, is wrong, and to be excused or approved only where greater wrong would, in the opinion of the liar, have followed the failure to lie. Is there any one who does not believe that each and all of us would *better* seek the truth, would *better* avoid lying? Well! *why* are we agreed on this point? It is because most of us consider truth-speaking to be in accordance with the laws of life, the laws of God. Our sense of right demands that we speak the truth. Our conscience approves of truth-speaking, and we feel the need to seek some justification for a deliberate lie. Very well! If there is the all-wise, all-just, all-loving, omnipotent God; if God is absolutely good, if his laws are absolutely just, if nothing but good can come to me when I try my best to understand and obey his laws; if it is in accordance with his laws that I should seek to speak the truth, to avoid a lie; then, isn't it inconceivable that there should ever be any *necessity* to lie in order to accomplish good results? Why! even our human laws, made by foolish men, do not involve any such inconsistency as we attribute to God's laws when we say that we *must* do wrong, tell a lie, in order to do right, accomplish good results.

"But," some one says, "you are forgetting our weak humanity. If we were perfect, we might get along without lying, without ever being forced to choose between two evils. We are not perfect. And because of our inability to see and understand all possible courses, because *we* are not all-wise, we are often forced to choose between the greater and the lesser wrong. We *must* act. And when we see only two courses open, although we recognize that each course involves conduct that is not wholly right, we *must* choose. The best we can do is to choose that course which seems to involve the least wrong." That sounds like good common sense, doesn't it? It isn't. The error lies in the word "must," in that idea that we are "forced" to choose. Let's go back to that likable woman who told the lie rather than the truth which she feared would do harm. She thought that she was *compelled* to choose, that she *must* speak; and it was either the lie or something that she thought worse than the lie. Now, the fact is she *was not compelled* to choose; she *did not have* to speak. Silence would have been embarrassing? Quite possibly; but there is no duty, no *compulsion* that we escape embarrassment. Remember, we are not now discussing the question of the wisdom or the unwisdom of the lie. I simply assert that this woman was *not* compelled to choose between telling a lie and telling a truth that would, in her opinion, have done harm. I assert that the grafters out there in San Francisco, Mr. Harriman and Mr. Herrin and Abe Ruef and the supervisors and all the rest of the thieves, little and big, were not *forced* to steal. I assert that Mr. Steffens' statement that those fellows "had to," that we all "must submit or—fight" is a misstatement. In my opinion, it is not true that just these two alternatives are open to us. There is always a third course which involves no choice of evils. I do not mean to say that I think the "fight" to which Mr. Steffens refers is necessarily an evil. What I mean to say is just this, that whenever we are face to face with an apparent necessity to choose between two courses, each of which involves conduct that we know to be wrong, we are not compelled to choose, the necessity is *not* real, we may and we should *refuse* to speak or to act, we may and we should *do nothing* until a course that does not involve wrong doing opens. This doing nothing may involve embarrassment that a quick lie would save? Possibly. But, in my opinion, one would better be embarrassed than a liar. But how often a refusal to act promptly may cause business loss. Yes, and if business gain is the chief end in life, then we'll lie and we'll steal in order that we may secure business gain, avoid business loss.

Let's narrow this matter down to a point where we can see just what the issue is. When men are engaged in big enterprises, or enterprises which they think are big, the accomplishment of their ends seems very important. Mr. Harriman has big dreams of being the dictator of a transportation system which shall reach from New York across the continent to San Francisco, and from San Francisco across the Pacific to China. Mr. Hearst has big dreams of being the dictator of a newspaper system that shall mould the moods of a nation. These men feel within themselves strength, ability. They look upon their enterprises as big, important. They are modern Alexanders, Napoleons, with a desire for nation-wide, world-wide power. To gain their ends, to accomplish the results they are seeking seems the important matter in life to them. Little matters of lying, little matters of buying up supervisors and legislators, little matters of stock jobbery and Wall street stealing are trivial, unimportant. And we little fellows, we ordinary men

and women who are not engaged in these *big* enterprises—aren't *we* strongly inclined to think that these *big* fellows, like Harriman and Morgan and Rockefeller and Hearst and the late Cecil Rhodes—aren't *we* inclined to think that the bigness of the men and the bigness of their schemes justifies, somewhat, their lying and their stealing and their disregard of right and justice? Carnegie's millions, Carnegie's libraries, Carnegie's educational gifts and pensions for college professors look so big in our eyes that we forget the methods by which Mr. Carnegie got possession of the millions. Do you know the difference between an honest man and a dishonest man? An honest man is one who gives a full equivalent for what he takes. A dishonest man is one who takes something for which he does not give a full equivalent. But Mr. Carnegie has done such *big* things that his dishonesty doesn't count. We are dazzled by bigness and glitter. Let's get down to bed-rock. Let's get down to the see-able and size-able reality upon which all this bigness and glitter really rest. What is it but just the day's work of a man? the meeting of the single day's duties? That is all there is to it. Big schemes are big dreams and the control of a railroad system that crosses a continent, all rest upon the reality of the day's work. When Mr. Harriman spends his day in approving Mr. Herrin's plans for buying up San Francisco supervisors or California legislators, Mr. Harriman is just a dirty, corrupt bribe-giver and thief. He is buying up these men to steal for him what he can't get his hands directly upon. When Mr. Hearst spends his day approving the plans of his editors for the issuing of editions of his papers containing vile advertisements and vile, lying statements, Mr. Hearst is just a dirty liar and panderer to vice. The big, glittering bubble of his success, that makes him noted or notorious, as you look at it, rests finally on his day's work. The glittering rainbow hues of the bubble dazzle the eyes of many; but the man who sees clear sees the dirty lying, the dirty thievery, the dirty corruption and pandering to vice in the day's work of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Harriman. And there isn't any *compulsion* to the day's dirty work. They couldn't do the things they are doing if they didn't do the day's dirty work? Doubtless. As Mr. Steffens says, Abe Ruef couldn't have been the political boss of San Francisco if he hadn't been corrupt. But who says that Abe Ruef *must* be the boss of San Francisco? Who says that Mr. Harriman *must* control the greatest railway system of the world? Who says that Mr. Hearst *must* become the greatest newspaper man of the world? Who says that you and I *must* get our little ends? Who says that the child *must* get the tin soldier or the peppermint candy *he* has set *his* heart on? The acquisition of the tin soldier and the candy are just as important to the child as the schemes of power are to Hearst and Harriman. We do not hesitate to tell the child that he *must not* lie or steal to get *his* ends. We tell him he would better do without the tin soldier, do without the candy; that it is better to be a truthful and honest boy than to have whole hosts of tin soldiers and whole stores full of candy. We tell the child that to be a truthful boy, an honest boy, now, today, is the important matter. We tell the child that it isn't the possession of tin soldiers and candy, it isn't what he *has,* but what he *is,* that counts. We are quite sane, quite moral in dealing with the child. We do not hesitate to tell him that *his* ends, *his* aims, *his* objects, *his* ambitions are none of them important enough to justify lying or stealing or cruelty or selfishness. We tell the boy that to be gentle and manly, brave and truthful, honest and unselfish *each day* and *all day* is the important matter. We tell the boy the truth. Why don't we stick to the truth in dealing with ourselves and other men and women? Why don't we tell ourselves that *our* tin soldiers and *our* candy are not worth *our* lies, *our* thefts, *our* grasping selfishness? What is a little office, a little money, a little social position—what are they but tin soldiers and candy for grown-up children? What is the real difference between your high hope to reform the world by vegetarianism and Clem Sypher's high hope to reform the world by the universal use of Sypher's cure? What is the real difference between the boy's dream of whole armies of tin soldiers and Emperor William's dream of whole armies of straddling men? What is the real difference between the big schemes of a Cecil Rhodes and the little schemes of a toddler mixing her first mud-pies? The real difference and the only real difference between these things which are, apparently, so far apart is that some of them appeal to us, and others appeal to someone else. We are very ready to say that *our* pet pojects *must* be pushed, and that a little lying and a little injustice and a little selfishness are justified in order that we gain *our* important ends. We are very ready to excuse a certain amount of lying and stealing and injustice and selfishness on the part of the *big* fellows, to say that they *must* be corrupt, that they "have to." *Their* pet projects appeal to us as important. But with the child, whose pet projects are just as important to him as ours are to us, we place the "must" and the "have to" in a totally different position. We tell him that there is *no necessity* that he muster an army of tin soldiers or sail a fleet of chip boats. We tell him that the thing he *must* do is *to be,* each day and all day, honest, truthful, gentle, helpful, unselfish. And when the boy protests and insists that he *likes* his soldiers and his ships and *wants* them, we admit that soldiers and ships are amusing playthings—for children; but we insist that they are *not* necessary; while honor and purity and gentleness and unselfishness *are* necessary.

Do you see where we are? The plain, simple fact is this, if we start out in the morning to win *our* ends, to get what *we* want, to accomplish *our* purpose, we'll never get to bed that night with clean hands or a pure heart. If the pursuing of our pet project is the purpose of our lives; whether that project be the acquisition of wealth or power or fame; whether it be the reformation of the world by our personal plan, or merely the mixing of many mud pies, the end of the day will find us more or less besmirched with the wrong doing which we "had to" do in order to accomplish our purpose. Let's get back to the wisdom of childhood. Let's remember that money and power and fame and world reform—socialism or prohibition or what not—all are, after all, just means, not ends. Let's remember that the end, the aim, the object, the *reality* we are all seeking is just the living of this day righteously; the *being,* this day, honest and truthful, kindly and courteous, gentle and generous, brave, manly men, brave, womanly women. We can't *be* that unless we are workers, unless we have some definite work to do which we are striving to do well and joyously. Each must choose his own work, that which seems to him worthy, and do it with his might. But remember that the reason you work is that you may *be* god-like, and remember that the only time to be god-like is now, today. O, my brothers, my sisters, now, today, you and I may live clean, pure, helpful, unselfish lives. We do not "have to" lie. We do not "have to" steal. We do not "have to" accomplish

any of our pet projects. But we do—if we wish to gain and hold our own self-respect, if we wish to realize—make real—the fact that life is truly worth living—we do "have to" be clean and pure, truthful and honest, gentle and generous and brave and helpful, *here* in the place we are, *now* in the one moment of all time and eternity that is ours. We do "have to" live our little, commonplace lives here, today, conscious of the fact that *we* are divine, that *we* are children of God, that *we* are gods, and that the one thing we *must* do is to live, each day, unselfish, god-like lives.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

Presque Isle, Me.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Election.

As we go to press the forces of political armies are gathering for the battle of ballots, but when this paper reaches our readers the results will have been flashed around the world. Presumably Wm. H. Taft will have been elected the next president of the United States, and unfortunately Mr. Sherman will be the second in line. It appears to us that this result is morally certain, for New York State seems likely to go Republican by a narrow margin. Perhaps Mr. Bryan will carry Ohio and Indiana, though the former state is more likely to go for its "favorite son." The labor vote, the temperance sentiment, which is far more largely Republican than Democratic and has aroused the German Americans, the negro vote, the fear that the nomination of Sherman for vice president means a surrender to the trusts, the recent "hard times," which have lowered prices, cut down employment and hampered business enterprise,—all these things combine to greatly reduce normal Republican pluralities and perhaps to turn the balance in doubtful states. Then, too, Mr. Bryan has achieved a national reputation and an unusually wide personal acquaintance with the people, which contribute immeasurably to his success. By no means is he the man who ran against McKinley in 1896; his popular vote will reveal the most remarkable change in the history of presidential elections. If by any chance Bryan should carry New York he would probably be elected, though not necessarily. The indications are, however, that the farmer vote will be strongly Republican as usual, and that business men, fearing somewhat Bryan's radical ideas and fearing still more the business depression which the uncertainty of a Democratic victory would surely bring, will go strongly for Taft and accomplish his election. The lower branch of Congress may very likely go Democratic, but the Senate will remain for some years clearly Republican. An immediate business revival will undoubtedly follow the election of Taft as a temporary business depression would surely follow the election of Bryan; but it is a comfort to know that in either event an honest, earnest and capable man of the highest moral principles will succeed Mr. Roosevelt, and the great hosts of the defeated will calmly accept the issue of a contest that would spell revolution in old world countries, while the greatest nation of the world will go steadily on in a pathway of progress. In spite of all difficulties, misfortunes or disappointments, the stars and stripes will continue to wave, and by mistakes as well as by achievements our beloved country will go forward till liberty and justice shall be secured for each and every child of the infinite.

Chicago Politics.

When these lines are read it will probably be true that the worst possible man among all the candidates for the office of State's Attorney will have been elected, and the confessed tool of the forces of lawlessness—Mr. Kern—will be charged with the duty of enforcing the laws in Chicago! Probably many lovers of law and order who would have gladly voted for Mr. Healy, have opposed Wayman and ardently championed Mr. Street, the Prohibition candidate, only to the result of making safe the election of Kern. Probably these men could have elected Wayman, who is perhaps the better man of the two, but even so, the ultimate result may be more to be desired and anyway an avowed enemy of righteousness is always to be preferred to a false or hypocritical friend. Justice is by no means dead and it is no mere simile that some people will hang themselves if given rope enough! Mr. Kern will probably be elected this time, but—even a small stream will become a flood if dammed up and the outcome in Chicago may be the more certain and complete because of this seeming catastrophe.

To Probe Primary Vote.

At the request of State's Attorney John J. Healy, a special State's Attorney, Mr. Frank J. Loerch, has been appointed by Judge Chytraus to investigate the wholesale frauds perpetrated at the recent primary election, and the County Board made an appropriation of $19,500 for this work. This fund is considered entirely inadequate, and now a petition has been filed before Judge Mack asking for an injunction which will tie up these funds. Atty. Loerch last week unearthed some sensational evidence which caused him to demand the discharge of the present grand jury as evidently untrustworthy and to call for another jury of larger scope. There seems no doubt that Mr. Healy was defeated for nomination by the grossest fraud, and as the primary law prohibits the nomination by petition of any man who has been defeated at a primary it was not possible to get his name on the ballot. It is rumored that if other methods fail various civic bodies will take it upon themselves to provide funds for a thorough investigation of primary frauds and possibly such punishment as may prevent their repetition.

Home Expenses of a Great City.

The budget of home expenses recently made out by the board of estimate in Greater New York is a revelation of what it costs to police and protect and administer the government of a large city. According to the estimate tentatively adopted, New York City will spend $157,000,000 for home expenses in the year 1909—or an average of about $75 for every man, woman and child in that city. Here is a text for the man who rails at the heartless rich, the soulless capitalist and landowner. To be sure, the method of taxation is one of incomparable injustice, and yet the attendant fact is that no child in New York is so poor that he may not have free schooling, free parks and libraries, good water to drink (usually), police and fire protection, free jails (!), almshouses and asylums, public care and attention that costs the city about twenty cents a day for him alone. After all there are two sides to a shield.

Second Trial of Ruef.

The effort to secure a jury for the new trial of Jacob Ruef, who was once convicted in San Francisco but saved from the penitentiary and a new trial ordered on a flimsy technicality, is now in the third month, with new surprises at hand. Last week a contractor named Blake confessed to having bribed one of the jurors for $1,000 to qualify and vote for Ruef, and also admitted that he was offered $10,000 himself and his wife was to receive $100 a month if he would go to the penitentiary and not confess. There still seems reason to believe that Attorney Francis J. Heaney will ultimately win his case against the mayor and other corrupt officials of San Francisco. The case reveals the inadequacy of our present jury system and the difficulty of securing justice even when a millionaire like Mr. Spreckels pays the bill. Verily, what hope is there for a poor man in American courts?

Woman Suffragists in London.

The advocates of woman suffrage continue to fight in vigorous and spectacular fashion for recognition in the House of Commons. Last week some enthusiasts went to the ladies' gallery and locked themselves securely with iron chains to the grill that borders the balcony, then cried out in behalf of their pet hobby. It was some time before the locks could be broken and the women removed to jail, where they were put on refusing to furnish bail. These seem like heroic methods but not very likely to win far reaching reforms. It may be necessary to secure public attention and arouse public interest at almost any cost, but yet one wonders if these women are really accomplishing the most possible for the moral redemption of the empire. If the "unseen forces" are the eternal ones there might be a more potent activity than these reformers seem to have used.

The Recent Panama Scandal.

After a careful investigation and sifting of evidence by proper authorities Colonel Geo. W. Goethals was absolutely exonerated of the charges brought by a New York firm that they were unfairly discriminated against. Col. Goethals seems to have exhibited remarkable skill and tact, as well as shown exceptional ability in dealing with the intricate problems at Panama. The great work entrusted to his care is being done thoroughly and much more rapidly than had been anticipated. Unless some remote possibility interferes, this supreme achievement of American engineering will be carried to a successful and glorious conclusion by an army engineer. Col. Goethals was born in 1858 and graduated from West Point in 1880.

The Election in Canada.

As a result of the recent political campaign in the empire to the north of us, the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for the past twelve years prime minister, has received emphatic endorsement. Al-

though accused of extravagance and reckless expenditure Sir Laurier has confessedly done more to advance the Dominion than had been accomplished before in all its history. Two hundred million dollars will be expended on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway ere it is completed, and many other millions have been spent on similar projects—but prosperity has come. Some 300,000 immigrants entered Canada in 1907, mostly from the United States—men who are settling up the attractive country in the West. It is charged that the Dominion government has given away 30,000,000 acres of land in Western Canada to political friends. Be this true or false, the tides of trade and travel are rapidly rising and Canada is becoming a force to be reckoned with in the world's mart. To the uninitiated it is a remarkable fact that many thousands of American citizens are crossing the northern border, buying Canadian land and perforce—as a very condition of securing a title to the land—becoming subjects of the English crown. The results are startling.
the English crown. The results are startling.

Russian Duma in Second Session.

The politic and compliant third Duma not only lived long enough to adjourn by its own motion, as its two unfortunate predecessors did not, but has now assembled for its second session and thus seems to have established a representative government in St. Petersburg. Not much was accomplished in its first session and perhaps little more that is revolutionary will be done this time, yet the accepted fact of a constitutional government in Russia is in itself a great revolution and augurs much. C. A. O.

Local Option and the Next General Assembly of Illinois.

Can public sentiment, more or less spasmodic in its nature, successfully contend with personal interest and abnormal appetite which are constantly operative? This is the question raised by the present local option contest in Illinois. Recently a very strong anti-saloon sentiment swept over a large part of the state, resulting in the destruction of many hundreds of saloons. Such a wave of feeling was termed by a well known sociologist a rural manifestation of the "mob mind." Was it? The election of the next legislature will determine whether the forces for public righteousness exhausted themselves last spring. It is the general feeling that the liquor men are making a strenuous and concerted effort to elect legislators favorable to their hopes of so amending the present local option law as to rob it of some of its most advantageous features. The anti-saloon forces, on the other hand, are engaged in an effort to make the law wider in its application. If anyone is searching for a real issue in Illinois politics, here is one and, as usual, it is broader than the platform of either party.

Class Consciousness in the Present Political Campaign.

Probably the most significant fact of the campaign is the appeal which both parties are making for the labor vote. There has always been the attempt to line as many as possible of the working men on one or the other side, but never as a class, upon an issue in which they are opposed to the capitalists as such. While it is true that probably neither party is acting in good faith in its ambiguous treatment of the injunction question, nevertheless their anxiety over the labor vote is genuine. Both realize that some, at least apparent, concessions must be made to the demands of organized labor. In a sense this marks a turning point in American politics. There will probably be little direct result from the agitation over the power of the courts to enjoin strikers and commit them for contempt without trial by jury, but the laboring men have achieved a triumph for their cause. Two facts have been established: First, that the working class has a cause which the parties fear longer to neglect; second, that they have power which the politicians must reckon with, once it is feared they will act in unison. When the significance of all this fully dawns upon the laboring men there will be a new chapter in the political history of this country. Class interest must, in the very nature of things, come to the front, but there must be no class hatred. The possibility of that depends largely upon whether or not the Christian Church in the United States knows its gospel or has the vitality to meet the problems of the times in the spirit of Jesus.

Liberalism Among Baptists.

The Congregationalist for October 17 contains a short account of an interesting thing which occurred in the recent conference of Baptists at Cambridge. It seems that a church of that denomination has been in the habit of admitting persons into full membership who have not previously been immersed. The attempt was made to dismiss this church from fellowship in the denomination. The attempt did not carry, and, on the contrary, a general committee was appointed to consider the subject of admitting persons without immersion and to report at the next annual meeting. This action has its parallel in the decision, at its October meeting, of the Congregational Association of Chicago, to the effect that several young ministers who had signed the constitution of the association, but had refused to subscribe to its general statement of belief, were members in regular standing. Verily the morning cometh, but what then? It is certainly to be hoped that out of all this negation there may come a new expression of the evangel, which will claim the devotion and enlist the energies of men in a service even more noble than did the old in the days when it was generally and honestly believed a vital expression of God's very truth.

Child Suicide.

The *Chicago Tribune* last winter published a long list of cases in which children had taken their own lives, and attempted to point out their significance. Now the attention of the people of Chicago is held by a most pathetic case of self-destruction on the part of a girl eleven years old. This incident has called forth much discussion, and well it may, for something is terribly wrong somewhere when children do not find life worth living. Doubtless the failure of many parents to properly instruct their children in the elemental principles of morality is a contributing cause. Closely associated with this is the general increase of juvenile crime due to wrong standards of the values of life, the disposition to get the greatest amount of pleasant sensation for the least expenditure of personal energy. And in the third place, it may occur to someone that a social order productive of such conditions as make it necessary for a mother to neglect her child's soul while she struggles to keep its body alive is at the bottom of a lot of mischief of this sort. E. D. M.

Dying Speech of Julian the Apostate

The seasonable moment for my surrendering this life, oh Comrades, has now arrived, and like an honest debtor, I exult in preparing to restore what Nature reclaims; not in affliction and sorrow, since I have learned from the general teaching of philosophers how much more capable of happiness the mind is than the body; and considering that when the better part is separated from the worse, it is a subject of joy rather than of mourning. Reflecting also that there have been instances in which even the gods have given to some persons of extreme piety, death is the best of all rewards.

And I well know that it is intended as a gift of kindness to me, to save me from yielding to arduous difficulties and from forgetting or losing myself; knowing by experience that all sorrows, while they triumph over the weak, flee before those who endure them manfully.

Nor have I to repent of any action; nor am I oppressed by the recollection of any grave crime, either when I was kept in the shade, and as it were in a corner, or after I arrived at the empire, which, as an honor conferred on me by the gods, I have preserved as I believe unstained. In civil affairs I have ruled with moderation, and whether carrying on offensive or defensive war, have always been under the influence of deliberate reason. Prosperity, however, does not always correspond to the wisdom of man's counsels, since the powers above reserve to themselves the regulation of results.

Nor am I ashamed to confess that I have long known from prophecy that I should fall by the sword. And therefore do I venerate the everlasting God, that I now die, not by any secret treachery, nor by a long or severe disease, or like a condemned criminal, but I quit the world with honor fairly earned, in the midst of a career of glory. For to any impartial judges, that man is base and cowardly who seeks to die when he ought not or who avoids death when it is seasonable for him.

—*Ammianus Marcellinus.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

ARCHÆOLOGY IN THE TIROL.—That indefatigable scholar and investigator, Dr. A. B. Meyer, has again been spending his summer in the Tirol, where, in the intervals of working up long since personally collected material on the Papuan dialects of Dutch New Guinea, he has made renewed efforts to arouse local pride and patriotism to a just sense of the importance of systematically collecting and preserving at home the rich archæological treasures that at present are being rapidly, and for the most part aimlessly scattered.

Inspired perhaps by his earlier efforts in this direction, there was talk of a law forbidding the sale of such objects and providing that in every village a sort of achive-museum should be established, in charge of priest or teacher, as a depository for the local finds. In an article in the *Allgemeiner Tiroler Anzeiger*, Dr. Meyer, speaking with the authority of an expert in such matters, points out the futility of any such scheme. Not only would the organization and management of these village museums require accommodations and qualifications not at the command of the ordinary priest or teacher, but it would, Dr. Meyer asserts, be impossible to educate the scattered peasantry to the point where they would refuse a tempting offer for such treasures as they might unearth, simply for the sake of turning them into the local museum. Each of the 70,000 tourists who annually visit the Tirol, he says, strives to get hold of some bit that he may take home as a souvenir, and the majority of such pieces are eventually wholly lost. Yet legislation is powerless to put an end to such trading, at least so far as small objects are concerned.

The only way to deal with the situation and save what is still savable, is for the municipality, the state, or the nation to provide the already existing institutions with the necessary means to buy up, through their own accredited agents, whatever material there is, in order to incorporate it into their own collections, or to arrange and preserve it for purposes of exchange with other institutions; and, further, to establish local museums in a few of the larger towns. Considerable collections already exist in Innsbruck, Hall, Sterzing, Cortina D'Ampezzo, Brixen, Klausen, Bozen, Meran, Trient and Rovereto, and Dr. Meyer mentions Brixlegg, Matrei, St. Lorenzen, Bruneck, Toblach, Innichen, Kastelruth, Cles and Lienz, as places where others might with advantage be brought together if official or private support and interest could be obtained. He cites as typical, two extensive private collections which might by prompt action be saved to Tirolean museums but which, as it is, are liable to be sold out of the country at any time.

The first of these, owned by Mrs. Marie Seeböck, Tinkhauser, of Brixen, was made by the present owner's father, a skillful goldsmith and far-sighted man. It is a relatively comprehensive and varied collection of antiquities which the present owner, now advanced in years, would be glad to sell in order to devote the proceeds of the sale to benevolent purposes.

In Bozen a teacher, Karl Wohlgemuth, has a large and excellent collection illustrative of the progress of civilization in all the neighboring valleys, which it has cost him long years and many personal sacrifices to bring together and which is unique in its line; yet there are no signs of interest to secure it for a Tirolean museum, though if it goes out of the country it will scarcely be possible to duplicate it, or only at greatly increased cost.

These are but typical of other large private collections. Continued public discussion is necessary to arouse that intelligent interest which may result in some plan by which the archæological despoliation of this interesting region may be stopped. One reason for the general apathy is to be found in the ignorant, priest-ridden character of the population.

M. E. H.

AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.—Sunday, November 1, was Harvest Festival day at Abraham Lincoln Centre, and the twenty-sixth anniversary of All Souls church. The church auditorium was decorated with autumn leaves, corn and fruits, and the beautiful Harvest Service from "Unity Festivals" was read and sung responsively by minister and people, including the children of the Sunday-school. The minister reminded the congregation that the first day of November was All Saints day in the calendar of the church, but that some one, with a conscience fearing omissions, had appointed the second day of November for All Souls day. It was ours to choose the larger fellowship, and so with the name of All Souls church we had adopted All Souls days for our own and celebrate our yearly harvest festival on the Sunday nearest that date.

Two babes were brought for christening by the mother, who though now a resident of one of the Pacific states, still maintains her loyalty to the church of her girlhood, and two adults united themselves with the church, subscribing to the Bond of Union, and thereby pledging themselves to help "bear one another's burdens and promote truth, righteousness, and love in the world."

At the close of the service the congregation gathered in the broad vestibule at the foot of the stairs for the dedication of two beautiful bronze tablets, the gift of Mr. Jones to Abraham Lincoln Centre, which had been placed on either side, one bearing Lincoln's tender farewell at Springfield, and the other his Gettysburg speech, each covered by an American flag.

The minister made a brief speech of presentation in which he asked Mr. N. B. Higbie to accept the tablets as chairman of the Board of Trustees and Superintendent of the Sunday-school. The response was brief but impressive, promising on the part of church and Sunday-school that the tablets should be revered and guarded as the best and dearest treasures of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Mrs. Reed promised on the part of the Sunday-school that the children should be taught the high and holy principles engraved on these tablets, and teachers and children, with a reverent "We will," dedicated themselves to the great task to which Lincoln gave his life, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Each tablet was unveiled by one of the children after reciting its text, and each unveiling was followed by an appropriate song written by members of the congregation and sung in chorus by the children. The scene was solemn and impressive as befitted the high occasion.

E. H. W.

Michigan Conference of Unitarian and Other Liberal Churches

The Annual meeting of the Michigan Conference was held Oct. 19-21, 1908, in conjunction with the Michigan Universalist Convention, at the church of All Souls, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Conference was a most happy occasion, no less for the cordial fraternal feeling than the thoughtful, reverent spirit that characterized the gathering.

The first meeting on Monday evening struck the keynote, which with varying emphasis pervaded the whole session. The opening sermon was by the Rev. W. H. Backus, of Chicago, on "An Unpopular Faith." He spoke of that freedom of faith which dominates the liberal movement, a freedom that is based on the belief that human nature is to be trusted. We believe in men, and, indeed, it is only through our steadfast belief in men, and the love of men, that we can at all know an unseen God who can claim our affections. It is in this human life we come into relations with the Father, and enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, not only through knowing, but through accepting the way, which is the way of love. Liberalism must meet the challenge of Positivism by

seeking to see God through the lines of a perfect humanity that it has consciously sought to shape and clarify.

Tuesday's session opened with a devotional meeting led by Rev. F. C. Southworth, of Meadville, Pa. Following this an address of welcome was given by Hon. E. A. Stowe, President of the Grand Rapids Board of Trade. Greetings were spoken for the Universalist General Convention, by Rev. L. S. McCollester and for the American Unitarian Association by Rev. S. A. Eliot. Both spoke of the prophetic nature of this convention, in which we discover a fundamental principle of unity and a solidarity of sentiment. In this joint session we come to know each other, not as denominationalists, but simply as men and women, good and true, working for a higher life.

Response was made to these greetings by the pastor of the church, Rev. H. B. Bard, after which the two conventions separated for their business sessions.

Pres. C. S. Udell called the meeting to order, and in the absence of Secretary Kingman of Battle Creek, Rev. R. S. Barrow was appointed secretary pro tem. Reports were given by the secretary, treasurer, and the churches represented by delegates, and committees appointed. Rev. Mr. Backus then gave words of greeting from the other state conferences of his district, and Pres. Eliot and Pres. Southworth made remarks on the general work of the denomination.

In the afternoon the Women's Alliance held its meeting. Mrs. Hiram Marks of Detroit was in the chair. Welcome was given by Mrs. F. A. Simonds, Grand Rapids, and response by Mrs. I. M. Buck, Lansing. A résumé of the year's work was given by Miss Florence Dority, of Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. S. L. Holmes, of Detroit, for the Council of Women (Universalist).

This was followed by an address by Rev. Florence Buck, Kenosha, Wis., on "The Opportunities of the Alliance." Miss Buck made an earnest plea for the quickening of the spirit of zeal for the right things and the best things.

After Rev. H. W. Foote had spoken of the value of the Young People's Religious Union, a very interesting and able address was given by the pastor of the St. Paul's Episcopal church, Jackson, Rev. R. E. Macduff. The subject was "The Emmanuel Movement." He emphasized the practical and scientific basis of this movement, with especial reference to the power of the individual over himself. "A man," he said, "having become a thinker, has in his personality the supremest power in the world outside of the spirit of God, if that is outside, which I do not believe. As a man thinketh in his purposes, in his motives, in his heart, so is he. That is, he has the power, having become a trained thinker, to create for himself that kind of personality that he aspires to have."

The exercises of the evening began with a service in which Rev. W. L. Gibbs, of Concord, and Rev. F. C. Aldinger, of the Central Christian church took part.

The general topic of the evening was "The Bearing of Our Faith Upon the Life of Today." This was opened by Rev. L. S. McCollester, of Detroit, who said that the liberal church has been accused of not having much religion. This charge is true if religion means a fear of God, or of the future, or if it is a system of theology merely, or a doubt or anxiety as to the triumph of God. But if it is a trust in God, or a respect for the dignity of man's nature, or a sense of the eternal in the souls of men, a power in ourselves making for righteousness, then we have much religion. The liberal faith is an attitude toward life, a faith that sees progress to be universal and eternal.

Speaking of the "World-wide Application of Our Faith," Rev. S. A. Eliot, of Boston, Mass., said: To be a Christian —what is it? It is to make our sense of honor more instinctive, integrity firmer, friendship more delicate. It is to make our laws more loyal to the right, our homes more cheerful, our care for children wiser, our reverence more sincere. Ours is the cheerful faith that knows that its wonderful life is not a bubble that bursts, but an everlasting trust, a faith that justifies our hope, our confidence, our knowledge, of world-wide application and of illimitable expectation.

Rev. W. H. Pulsford followed with the topic "What our Faith Means to the Individual." He said: One of the results of our liberal faith has been to bring God more near. He is "growing young and coming near." The only God you know is the God in your own heart. Jesus grew to be what he was because he tried to let the God in him work his will. This is what our faith is doing for men, showing that God is the power in and behind us to build us into the largeness and beauty and the strength of a living, glad man.

Wednesday's meeting opened with a service in charge of Rev. H. Van Ommeren, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Then followed a Sunday-school session in which Mr. Pulsford urged the value of the proper teaching and use of the Bible. This was succeeded by a treatment of "Miracles" by Rev. J. P. McCarthy, of Kalamazoo, who showed how the miracles of modern life are just as wonderful as those ascribed to the ancient prophets. Mr. W. T. Preston, of Mt. Pleasant, spoke upon "The Universality of God."

After the sermon by Rev. R. S. Barrow, of Jackson, on "The Broader Vision," the afternoon was given to a consideration of the value of an education in modern life. The speakers were Pres. A. B. Church, of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio; Pres. L. B. Fisher, of Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill.; and Pres. F. C. Southworth, of the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

At the conclusion of this part of the program a very touching little courtesy was done by Rev. Mr. Bard, pastor of the church, who, in behalf of his parish, presented a beautiful bouquet of golden chrysanthemums to Mrs. Hanna Pierce, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the church of which she, now 91 years of age, is one of the two surviving charter members.

The final business meeting was then held. The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

President—C. S. Udell, Grand Rapids.

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Mrs. Hiram Marks, Detroit.

It was voted to hold the next conference in Chicago, in conjunction with the National Conference. Thanks were extended to the church of All Souls, the choir of the church, the press, and all who had helped to make the meetings successful.

The last meeting of the conference was held in the evening. The speakers were Rev. A. M. Ribbany, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo; and Rev. R. F. Johonnot, of Chicago. They prophesied that though the world ask us what our faith is doing for us, and what we are doing with it, because we have a faith that is more than theology we have also a faith that will be essentially the faith of the years to come.

So with wishes for a continuation of these joint conferences the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Universalist church, and the twenty-fifth of the Unitarian church in Grand Rapids, now united into one, came to a close.

R. S. B.

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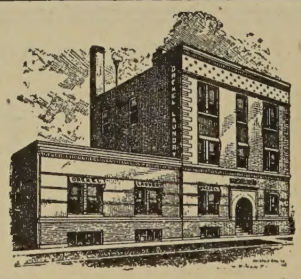

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